

THE
COMPLAINT.

OR,

Night-Thoughts

ON

LIFE, DEATH, *and* IMMORTALITY.



L O N D O N :

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M DCC XLIV.

NIGHT *the* SEVENTH.

BEING THE

SECOND PART

OF THE

INFIDEL RECLAIMED.

CONTAINING

The NATURE, PROOF, *and* IMPORTANCE,

OF

IMMORTALITY.



T H E
P R E F A C E.

AS we are at War with the Power, it were well if we were at War with the Manners, of France. A Land of Levity, is a Land of Guilt. A Serious Mind is the native Soil of every Virtue; and the single Character that does true Honour to Mankind. The Soul's Immortality has been the favourite Theme with the Serious of all Ages. Nor is it strange; it is a Subject by far the most Interesting, and Important, that can enter the Mind of Man. Of highest Moment this Subject always was, and always will be. Yet this its highest Moment seems to admit of Encrease, at this Day; a Sort of occasional Importance is superadded to the natural Weight of it; if that Opinion which is advanced in the Preface to the preceding Night, be Just. It is there supposed, that all our Infidels, whatever Scheme for Argument's Sake, and to keep themselves in Countenance, they patronize, are betray'd into their deplorable Error, by some Doubt of their Immortality, at the Bottom. And the more I consider this Point, the more am I persuaded of the Truth of that Opinion. Tho' the Distrust of a Futurity is a strange Error; yet is it an Error into which Bad Men may naturally be distressed. For it is impossible to bid Defiance to final Ruin, without some Refuge in Imagination, some Presumption of Escape. And what Presumption is there? There are but Two in Nature; but Two, within the Compass of Human Thought. And these are,— That either

GOD

GOD will not, or can not, punish. Considering the Divine Attributes, the First is too gross to be digested by our strongest Wishes. And since Omnipotence is as much a Divine Attribute as Holiness, that GOD cannot punish, is as absurd a Supposition, as the Former. GOD certainly can punish, as long as the wicked Man exists. In Non-existence, therefore, is their only Refuge; and, consequently, Non-existence is their strongest Wish. And strong Wishes have a strange Influence on our Opinions; they bias the Judgment in a manner, almost, incredible. And since on this Member of their Alternative, there are some very small Appearances in their Favour, and none at all on the other, they catch at this Reed, they lay hold on this Chimera, to save themselves from the Shock, and Horror, of an immediate, and absolute, Despair.

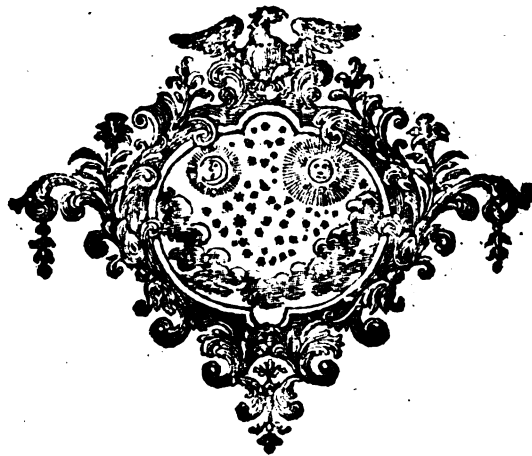
On reviewing my Subject, by the Light which this Argument, and others of like Tendency, threw upon it, I was more inclin'd, than ever, to pursue it; as it appear'd to me to strike directly at the main Root of all our Infidelity. In the following Pages, it is, accordingly, pursu'd at large; and some Arguments for Immortality new (at least to me) are ventur'd on in them. There also the Writer has made an Attempt to set the gross Absurdities, and Horrors of Annihilation in a fuller, and more affecting View, than is (I think) to be met with elsewhere.

The Gentlemen, for whose Sake this Attempt was chiefly made, profess great Admiration for the Wisdom of Heathen Antiquity: What Pity 'tis, they are not sincere? If they were sincere, how would it mortify them to consider, with what Contempt, and Abhorrence, their Notions would have been received, by Those they so much admire? What Degree of Contempt, and Abhorrence, would fall to their Share, may be conjectured by the following Matter of Fact, (in my Opinion) extremely memorable. Of all their Heathen Worthies, Socrates ('tis well known) was the most Guarded, Dispassionate, and Composed: Yet this great Master of Temper was Angry; and angry at his Last Hour; and
angry

angry with his Friend; and angry for what deserv'd Acknowledgment; angry, for a right, and tender Instance of true Friendship towards Him. Is not this surprizing? What could be the Cause? The Cause was for his Honour; It was a truly noble, tho', perhaps, a too punctilious, Regard for Immortality. For his Friend asking Him, with such an affectionate Concern as became a Friend, "Where He should deposit his Remains?" it was resented by Socrates, as implying a dishonourable Supposition, that He could be so mean, as to have Regard for any thing, even in Himself, that was not IMMORTAL.

This Fact well-consider'd, would make our Infidels withdraw their Admiration from Socrates; or make them endeavour, by their Imitation of this illustrious Example, to share his Glory: And, consequently, It would incline them to peruse the following Pages with Candor, and Impartiality: Which is all I desire; and that, for their Sakes: For I am persuaded, that an Unprejudiced Infidel must, necessarily, receive some advantageous Impressions from them.

July 7. 1744.



C O N-

C O N T E N T S.

*I*N the Sixth Night, Arguments were drawn from NATURE, in Proof of Immortality: Here, others are drawn from MAN: From his Discontent, p. 3; from his Passions, and Powers, 4; from the gradual Growth of Reason, 5; from his Fear of Death, 6; from the Nature of Hope, 6, 7, &c. and of Virtue, 9, &c.; from Knowledge, and Love, as being the most essential Properties of the Soul, 14, &c.; from the Order of Creation, 15, &c.; from the Nature of Ambition, 18, &c. Avarice, 23, 24, Pleasure, 25, A Digression on the Grandeur of the Passions, 27, 28. Immortality alone renders our Present State Intelligible, 28. An Objection from the Stoick's Disbelief of Immortality, answer'd, 29, 30. Endless Questions unresolvable, but on Supposition of our Immortality, 31, 32. The natural, most melancholy, and pathetic Complaint of a Worthy Man under the Persuasion of no Futurity, 33, &c. The gross Absurdities, and Horrors of Annihilation urg'd home on LORENZO, 42, &c. The Soul's vast Importance, 49, &c.; from whence it arises, 54, &c. The Difficulty of being an Infidel, 56. The Infamy, 57; the Cause, 59; and the Character, 59, 60, of an Infidel-State. What True Free-thinking is, 60, &c.; the necessary Punishment of the False, 63. Man's Ruin is from Himself, 64. An Infidel accuses himself of Guilt, and Hypocrisy; and that of the worst Sort, 65. His Obligation to Christians, 66. What Danger He incurs by Virtue, *ibid.* Vice recommended to Him, 68. His high Pretences to Virtue, and Benevolence, exploded, *ibid.* The Conclusion, on the Nature of Faith, 69, Reason, 70, and Hope, 70; with an Apology for this Attempt, 72.

NIGHT



NIGHT *the* SEVENTH.

THE

INFIDEL RECLAIM'D.



HEAV'N gives the needful, but neglected, Call.
What Day, what Hour, but knocks at human
Hearts,
To wake the Soul to Sense of future Scenes ?
Deaths stand, like *Mercurys*, in ev'ry Way;
And kindly point us to our Journey's End.
POPE, who couldst make Immortals ! art thou dead ?
I give thee Joy : Nor will I take my Leave ;
So soon to follow. Man but dives at Death ;

B

Dives

Dives from the Sun, in fairer Day to rise ;
 The Grave, his subterranean Road to Bliss.
 Yes, infinite Indulgence plann'd it so ;
 Thro' various Parts our glorious Story runs ;
Time gives the Preface, *endless Age* unrolls
 The Volume, (ne'er unroll'd !) of human Fate.

THIS, Earth, and Skies * already have proclaim'd.
 The World's a Prophecy of Worlds to come ;
 And who, what God foretels, (who speaks in *Things*,
 Still louder than in *Words*) shall dare deny ?
 If *Nature's* Arguments appear too weak,
 Turn a new Leaf, and stronger read in *Man*.
 If Man sleeps on, untaught by what he *sees*,
 Can he prove Infidel to what he *feels* ?
 He, whose blind Thought Futurity denies,
 Unconscious bears, *Bellerophon* ! like thee,
 His own Indictment ; he condemns himself ;
 Who reads his Bosom, reads immortal Life ;
 Or, *Nature*, there, imposing on her Sons,
 Has written Fables ; Man was made a *Lye*.

* Night the Sixth.

WHY *Discontent* for ever harbour'd there?
 Incurable Consumption of our Peace!
 Resolve me, why, the Cottager, and King,
 He whom Sea-fever'd Realms obey, and he
 Who steals his whole Dominion from the Waste,
 Repelling Winter's blast, with Mud and Straw,
 Disquieted alike, draw Sigh for Sigh,
 In Fate so distant, in Complaint so near.

Is it, that Things Terrestrial can't content?
 Deep in rich Pasture, will thy Flocks complain?
 Not so; but to their Master is deny'd
 To share their sweet *Serene*. Man, ill at Ease,
 In this, not *his own* Place, this foreign Field,
 Where Nature foddors him with other Food,
 Than was ordain'd his Cravings to suffice,
 Poor in Abundance, famish'd at a Feast,
 Sighs on for something *more*, when *most* enjoy'd.
 Is Heav'n then kinder to thy Flocks, than Thee?
 Not so; thy Pasture richer; but remote;
 In part, remote; for that remoter Part
 Man bleats from *Instinct*, tho', perhaps, debauch'd

By *Sense*, his *Reason* sleeps, nor dreams the Cause.
 The Cause how obvious, when his Reason wakes?
 His Grief is but his Grandeur in Disguise;
 And Discontent is *Immortality*.

SHALL Sons of Æther, shall the Blood of Heav'n,
 Set up their Hopes on Earth, and stable *here*;
 With brutal Acquiescence in the Mire?
LORENZO! no, they shall be nobly pain'd;
 The glorious Foreigners distressed, shall fight
 On Thrones; and Thou congratulate the Sigh:
 Man's Misery declares him born for Bliss;
 His anxious Heart asserts the Truth I sing,
 And gives the Sceptic in his Head the Lye.

OUR Heads, our Hearts, our *Passions*, and our *Pow'rs*,
 Speak the same Language; call us to the Skies;
 Unripen'd *These* in this inclement Clime,
 Scarce rise above Conjecture, and Mistake;
 And for this Land of Trifles, *Those* too strong,
 Tumultuous rise, and tempest human Life;
 What Prize on Earth can pay us for the Storm?

Meet Objects for our *Passions* Heav'n ordain'd,
 Objects that challenge all their Fire, and leave
 No Fault, but in Defect : Blest Heav'n ! Avert
 A bounded Ardor for unbounded Bliss ;
 O for a Bliss unbounded ! Far beneath
 A Soul immortal, is a mortal Joy.
 Nor are our *Pow'rs* to perish immature ;
 But, after feeble Effort, *here*, beneath
 A brighter Sun, and in a nobler Soil,
 Transplanted from this sublunary Bed,
 Shall flourish fair, and put forth all their Bloom.

REASON progressive, *Instinct* is complete ;
 Swift *Instinct* leaps ; slow *Reason* feebly climbs.
 Brutes soon their Zenith reach ; their little All
 Flows in at once ; in Ages they no more
 Could know, or do, or covet, or enjoy.
 Was Man to live co-eval with the Sun,
 The Patriarch-pupil would be learning still ;
 Yet, dying, leave his Lesson half unlearnt.
 Men perish in Advance, as if the Sun
 Should set ere Noon, in *Eastern* Oceans drown'd ;

If

If fit, with *Dim, Illustrious* to compare,
 The Sun's Meridian, with the Soul of Man.
 To Man, why, Stepdame *Nature* so severe?
 Why thrown aside thy Master-piece half-wrought,
 While meaner Efforts thy last Hand enjoy?
 Or, if abortively poor Man must die,
 Nor reach, what reach he might, why die in Dread?
 Why curst with Foresight? Wise to Misery?
 Why of his proud Prerogative the Prey?
 Why less pre-eminent in Rank than Pain? —
 His *Immortality* alone can tell,
 Full ample Fund to ballance all amiss,
 And turn the Scale in favour of the Just.

His *Immortality* alone can solve
 That darkest of *Ænigmas*, human *Hope*;
 Of all the darkest, if at Death we die.
Hope, eager *Hope*, th' Assassin of our Joy,
 All present Blessings treading under foot,
 Is scarce a milder Tyrant than *Despair*.
 With no past Toils content, still planning new,
Hope turns us o'er to Death alone for Ease.

Possession,

Possession, why, more tasteless than *Pursuit* ?

Why is a Wish far dearer than a Crown ?

That Wish accomplish'd, why, the Grave of Bliss ?

Because in the *great Future* bury'd deep,

Beyond our Plans of Empire, and Renown,

Lies all that Man with Ardor should pursue ;

And *He* who made him, bent him to the Right.

MAN'S Heart th' ALMIGHTY to the *Future* sets,
By secret, and inviolable Springs ;

And makes his Hope his sublunary Joy.

Man's Heart eats all Things, and is hungry still ;

" More, more," the Glutton cries : For something New

So rages Appetite, if man can't Mount,

He *will* Descend. He starves on the *Possess*.

Hence, the World's Master, from Ambition's Spire,

In *Caprea* plung'd ; and div'd beneath the Brute.

In that rank Sty why wallow'd Empire's Son

Supreme ? Because he could no higher fly ;

His *Riot* was *Ambition* in Despair.

OLD

OLD *Rome* consulted Birds; LORENZO! thou
 With more Success, the Flight of *Hope* survey;
 Of restless *Hope*, for ever on the Wing.
 High-perch'd o'er ev'ry Thought that Falcon sits,
 To fly at all that rises in her Sight;
 And never stooping, but to mount again
 Next Moment, she betrays her Aim's Mistake,
 And owns her Quarry lodg'd beyond the Grave.

THERE should it fail us, (it must fail us there,
 If Being fails) more mournful Riddles rise,
 And *Virtue* vies with *Hope* in Mystery.
 Why *Virtue*? Where its Praise, its Being, fled?
Virtue is true Self-interest pursu'd;
 What, true Self-int'rest of quite-mortal Man?
 To close with all that makes him Happy *here*.
 If Vice, (as sometimes) is our Friend on Earth,
 Then Vice is *Virtue*, 'tis our sov'reign Good.
 In *Self-applause* is *Virtue*'s golden Prize;
 No Self-applause attends it on *thy* Scheme;
 Whence, Self-applause? From Conscience of the Right?
 And what is Right, but Means of Happiness?

No

No Means of Happiness when Virtue yields ;
 That Basis failing, falls the Building too,
 And lays in Ruins every virtuous Joy.

THE rigid Guardian of a blameless Heart,
 So long rever'd, so long reputed wise,
 Is weak ; with rank Knight-errandries o'er-run.
 Why beats thy Bosom with illustrious Dreams
 Of Self-exposure, laudable, and great ?
 Of gallant Enterprize, and glorious Death ?
 Die for thy Country ?--- Thou romantic Fool !
 Seize, seize the Plank thyself, and let her sink ;
 Thy Country ! what to Thee ? (I speak with Awe)
 The God-head, what ? tho' he should bid thee bleed ?
 If, with thy Blood, thy final Hope is spilt,
 Nor can Omnipotence reward the Blow,
 Be deaf ; preserve thy Being ; disobey.

NOR is it Disobedience : Know, LORENZO !
 Whate'er th' ALMIGHTY's subsequent Command,
 His first Command is *this*,--- " Man, love thyself. "
 In this alone, Free-agents are not free.

Existence is the Basis, Bliss the Prize ;
 If Virtue costs Existence, 'tis a Crime ;
 Bold Violation of our Law supreme,
 Black Suicide ! tho' Nations, which consult
 Their Gain, at thy Expence, resound Applause.

SINCE Virtue's Recompence is doubtful, *Here,*
 If Man dies wholly, well may we demand,
 Why is Man suffer'd to be Good in vain ?
 Why to be Good in vain, is Man injoin'd ?
 Why to be Good in vain, is Man betray'd ?
 Betray'd by Traitors lodg'd in his own Breast,
 By sweet Complacencies from Virtue felt ?
 Why whispers *Nature* Eyes on Virtue's Part ?
 Or if blind *Instinct* (which assumes the Name
 Of sacred Conscience) plays the Fool in Man,
 Why *Reason* made Accomplice in the Cheat ?
 Why are the Wisest, loudest in her Praise ?
 Can Man by *Reason's* Beam be led astray ?
 Or, at his Peril, imitate his God ?
 Since Virtue sometimes ruins us on Earth,
 Or *Both* are true ; or, Man survives the Grave.

CONFLICT

OR

OR Man survives the Grave, or own, **LORENZO!**
 Thy Boast supreme, a wild Absurdity.
 Dauntless thy Spirit; Cowards are thy Scorn.
 Grant Man immortal, and thy Scorn is just.
 The Man immortal, *rational* brave,
 Dares rush on Death,—because he cannot die.
 But if Man loses All, when Life is lost;
 He lives a Coward, or a Fool expires.
 A daring Infidel, (and such there are,
 From Pride, Example, Lucre, Rage, Revenge,
 Or pure heroical Defect of Thought)
 Of all Earth's Madmen, most deserves a Chain.

WHEN, to the Grave, we follow the Renown'd
 For Valour, Virtue, Science, all we love,
 And all we praise; for Worth, whose Noon-tide Beam
 Enabling us to think in higher Stile,
 Mends our Ideas of Ethereal Pow'rs;
 Dream we, that Lustre of the moral World,
 Goes out in Stench, and Rottenness the Close?
 Why was he wise to know, and warm to praise,

And strenuous to transcribe, in human Life,
 The Mind ALMIGHTY? Could it be, that Fate,
 Just when the Lineaments began to shine,
 And dawn the DEITY, should snatch the Draught,
 With Night eternal blot it out, and give
 The Skies Alarm, lest Angels too might die?

IF Human Souls, why not Angelic too
 Extinguish'd? and a Solitary God,
 O'er ghastly Ruin, frowning from his Throne?
 Shall we, this Moment, gaze on GOD in Man;
 The next, lose Man for ever in the Dust?
 From Dust we disengage, or Man *mistakes*;
 And There, where least his Judgment fears a Flaw.
Wisdom, and *Worth*, how boldly he commends?
Wisdom, and *Worth*, are sacred Names; Rever'd,
 Where not Embrac'd; Applauded! Deify'd!
 Why not Compassion'd too? If Spirits die,
 Both are Calamities, inflicted both,
 To make us but more wretched: *Wisdom's* Eye
 Acute, for what? To spy more Miseries;
 And *Worth*, so recompens'd, new-points their Stings:

Or

Or Man the Grave surmounts, or Gain is Loss,
And Worth exalted humbles us the more.

Thou wilt not patronize a Scheme that makes
Weakness, and Vice, the Refuge of Mankind.

“HAS Virtue, then, no Joys?”—Yes, Joys dear-bought :
Talk ne’er so long, in this imperfect State,
Virtue, and Vice, are at eternal War ;
Virtue’s a Combat ; and who Fights for Nought ?
Or for precarious, or for small Reward ?
Who Virtue’s Self-reward so loud resound,
Would take Degrees *Angelic* here below,
And *Virtue*, while they compliment, betray,
By feeble Motives, and unfaithful Guards ;
The Crown, th’ *unfading* Crown, her Soul inspires ;
’Tis That, and That alone, can countervail
The *Body’s* Treacheries, and the *World’s* Assaults :
On Earth’s poor Pay, our famish’d Virtue dies.
Truth incontestable ! In Spite of all
A BAYLE has Preach’d, or a V——E Believ’d.

IN Man the more we dive, the more we see

Heav’n’s

Heav'n's Signet stamping an immortal Make,
 Dive to the Bottom of his Soul, the Base
 Sustaining all ; what find we ? *Knowledge, Love.*
 As Light, and Heat, essential to the Sun,
These, to the Soul. And why, if Souls expire ?
 How little *Lovely here ?* How little Known ?
 Small Knowledge we dig up with endless Toil ;
 And Love, unfeign'd, may purchase perfect Hate.
 Why starv'd, on Earth, our *Angel-Appetites* ;
 While *Brutal* are indulg'd their fulsome Fill ?
 Were then Capacities divine conferr'd,
 As a Mock-diadem, in salvage Sport,
 Rank Insult of our pompous Poverty,
 Which reaps but Pain, from seeming Claims so fair ?
 In future Age lies no Redress ? And shuts
 Eternity the Door on our Complaint ?
 If so, for what strange Ends were Mortals made !
 The Worst to wallow, and the Best to weep ;
 The Man who Merits most, must most Complain :
 Can we conceive a Disregard in Heaven,
 What the Worst perpetrate, or Best endure ?

This

This cannot be. To Love, and Know, in Man
 Is boundless Appetite, and boundless Pow'r;
 And These demonstrate boundless Objects too.
 Objects, Pow'rs, Appetites, Heav'n suits in All;
 Nor, Nature thro', e'er violates this sweet,
 Eternal Concord, on her tuneful String.
 Is Man the sole Exception from her Laws?
 Eternity struck off from human Hope,
 (I speak with Truth, but Veneration too)
 Man is a Monster, the Reproach of Heav'n,
 A Stain, a dark impenetrable Cloud
 On Nature's beauteous Aspect; and deforms,
 (Amazing Blot!) deforms her with her Lord.
 If such is Man's Allotment, what is Heav'n?
 Or, own the Soul Immortal, or Blaspheme.

OR own the Soul Immortal, or invert
 All Order. Go, mock-Majesty! go, Man!
 And bow to thy Superiors of the Stall;
 Thro' ev'ry Scene of Sense superior far:
 They graze the Turf untill'd; they drink the Stream

Unbrew'd,

Unbrew'd, and ever full, and un-embitter'd
 With Doubts, Fears, fruitless Hopes, Regrets, Despairs,
 Mankind's Peculiar ! *Reason's* precious Dow'r !
 No foreign Clime *They* ranfack for their Robes ;
 Nor Brothers cite to the litigious Bar ;
 Their *Good* is Good entire, unmixt, unmarr'd ;
 They find a Paradife in ev'ry Field,
 On Boughs forbidden, where, no Curfes hang ;
 Their *Ill*, no more than strikes the Sense ; unftretcht
 By previous Dread, or Murmur in the Rear ;
 When the *worft* comes, it comes unfear'd ; one Stroke
 Begins, and ends, their Woe : They die but once ;
 Bleft, incommunicable Privilege ! for which,
 Proud Man, who rules the Globe, and reads the Stars,
 Philofopher, or Hero, fights in vain.

ACCOUNT for this Prerogative in Brutes.

No Day, no Glimpfe of Day to folve the Knot,
 But what beams on it from Eternity.
 O fole, and fweet Solution ! That unties
 The Difficult, and foftens the Severe ;
 The Cloud on *Nature's* beauteous Face difpels ;

Restores bright *Order* ; casts the Brute beneath ;
 And re-inthrones us in Supremacy
 Of Joy, ev'n *Here* : Admit immortal Life,
 And Virtue is *Knight-errantry* no more ;
 Each *Virtue* brings in Hand a golden Dow'r,
 Far richer in Reversions : *Hope* exults ;
 And tho' much Bitter in our Cup is thrown,
 Predominates, and gives the Taste of Heav'n.
 O wherefore is the DEITY so kind ?
 Astonishing beyond Astonishment !
 Heav'n our Reward——for Heav'n enjoy'd below.

STILL unsubst'd thy stubborn Heart ? For *there*
 The Traitor lurks, who doubts the Truth I sing.
Reason is guiltless ; *Will* alone rebels.
 What, in that stubborn Heart, if I should find
 New, unexpected Witnesses against thee ?
Ambition, Pleasure, and the Love of Gain !
 Can't thou suspect that *These*, which make the Soul
 The Slave of Earth, should own her Heir of Heav'n ?
 Can't thou suspect, what makes us *disbelieve*
 Our Immortality, should prove it *sure* ?

D

FIRST,

FIRST, then, *Ambition* summon to the Bar.
Ambition's Shame, Extravagance, Disgust,
And inextinguishable Nature, speak.
 Each much deposes ; hear them in their Turn.

THY Soul, how passionately fond of Fame?
 How anxious, that fond Passion to conceal?
 We blush detected in Designs and Praise,
 Tho' for best Deeds, and from the best of Men;
 And why? Because Immortal Art divine
 Has made the Body Tutor to the Soul;
 Heav'n kindly gives our Blood a moral Flow;
 Bids it ascend the glowing Cheek, and there
 Upbraid that little Heart's inglorious Aim,
 Which stoops to court a Character from Man;
 While o'er us, in tremendous Judgment, sit
 Far more than Man, with endless Praise, and Blame.

AMBITION'S *boundless Appetite* out-speaks
 The Verdict of its *Shame*. When Souls take Fire
 At high Presumptions of their own Desert,
 One Age is poor Applause; the mighty Shout,

The

The Thunder by the living *Few* begun,
 Late Time must echo ; Worlds unborn, resound :
 We with our Names *eternally* to live.
 Wild Dream ! Which ne'er had haunted human Thought,
 Had not our Natures been eternal too.
Instinct points out an Int'rest in Hereafter ;
 But our blind *Reason* sees not where it lies ;
 Or, seeing, gives the Substance for the Shade.

FAME is the Shade of Immortality,
 And in itself a Shadow. Soon as caught,
 Contemn'd ; it shrinks to nothing in the Grasp.
 Consult th' Ambitious ; 'tis Ambition's Cure.
 " And is This all ? " cry'd *Cæsar* at his Height,
Disgusted. This *Third* Proof Ambition brings
 Of Immortality. The first in Fame,
 Observe him near, your Envy will abate :
 Sham'd at the Disproportion vast, between
 The Passion, and the Purchase, he will fight
 At *such* Success, and blush at his Renown.
 And why ? Because far richer Prize invites

His Heart ; far more illustrious Glory calls ;
It calls in Whispers, yet the Deafest hear.

AND can Ambition a *Fourth* Proof supply ?
It can, and stronger than the former Three ;
Yet quite o'er-look'd by some reputed Wise.
Tho' Disappointments in Ambition *pain*,
And tho' Success *disgusts*, yet still, LORENZO !
In vain we strive to pluck it from our Hearts ;
By Nature planted for the noblest Ends.
Absurd the fam'd Advice to *Pyrrhus* giv'n,
More prais'd than ponder'd, specious, but unsound :
Sooner that Hero's Sword the World had quell'd,
Than Reason, his Ambition. Man *must* soar ;
An obstinate Activity within,
An insuppressible Spring will toss him up
In Spite of *Fortune's* Load. Not Kings alone,
Each Villager has his Ambition too,
No *Sultan* prouder than his fetter'd Slave :
Slaves build their little *Babylons* of Straw,
Echo the proud *Affyrian*, in their Hearts,
And cry,—“ Behold the Wonders of my Might. ”

And

And why? Because immortal as their Lord;
 And Souls immortal must for ever heave
 At something Great; the Glitter, or the Gold;
 The Praise of Mortals, or the Praise of Heav'n.

NOR absolutely vain is Human Praise,
 When Human is supported by Divine.
 I'll introduce LORENZO to Himself;
Pleasure, and *Pride*, (bad Masters!) share our Hearts.
 As Love of Pleasure is ordain'd to guard,
 And feed our Bodies, and extend our Race;
 The Love of Praise is planted to protect,
 And propagate the Glories of the Mind.
 What is it but the Love of Praise inspires,
 Matures, refines, embellishes, exalts,
 Earth's Happiness? From *that*, the Delicate,
 The Grand, the Marvellous, of Civil Life.
Want, and *Convenience*, Under-workers, lay
 The Basis, on which *Love of Glory* builds.
 Nor is thy Life, O *Virtue*! less in Debt
 To Praise, thy secret-stimulating Friend.
 Was Man not proud, what Merit should we miss?

Pride

Pride made the Virtues of the Pagan World.
 Praise is the Salt that seasons *Right* to Man,
 And whets his Appetite for moral Good.
 Thirst of Applause is Virtue's *Second* Guard ;
Reason, her First ; but Reason wants an Aid ;
 Our private Reason is a Flatterer ;
 Thirst of Applause calls public Judgment in,
 To poise our own, to keep an even Scale,
 And give endanger'd Virtue fairer Play.
 Here a *Fifth* Proof arises, stronger still :
 Why this so nice Construction of our Hearts ?
 These delicate Moralities of *Sense* ?
 This *constitutional* Reserve of Aid
 To succour Virtue, when our Reason fails ;
 If Virtue, kept alive by Care, and Toil,
 And, oft, the Mark of Injuries on Earth,
 When labour'd to Maturity, (its Bill
 Of Disciplines, and Pains, unpaid) must die ?
 Why freighted-rich, to dash against a Rock ?
 Was Man to perish when most fit to live,
 O how mis-spent were all these Stratagems,
 By Skill Divine inwoven in our Frame ?

Where is Heav'n's Holiness, and Mercy fled ?
 Laughs Heav'n, at once, at Virtue, and at Man ?
 If not, why *That* discourag'd, *This* destroy'd ?

THUS far *Ambition*. What says *Avarice* ?
 This her chief Maxim, which has long been Thine,
 " The Wise and Wealthy are the same. " I grant it.
 To store up Treasure, with incessant Toil,
This is Man's Province, *This* his highest Praise.
 To this great End keen *Instinct* flings him on.
 To guide that Instinct, *Reason* ! is thy Charge ;
 'Tis Thine to tell us where true Treasure lies :
 But Reason failing to discharge her Trust,
 Or to the Deaf discharging it in vain,
 A Blunder follows, and blind *Industry*,
 Gall'd by the Spur, but Stranger to the Course,
 (The Course where Stakes of more than Gold are won)
 O'er-loading, with the Cares of distant Age,
 The jaded Spirits of the present Hour,
 Provides for an Eternity below.

" THOU shalt not covet, " is a wise Command,
 But bounded to the Wealth the Sun surveys :

Look

Look farther, the Command stands quite revers'd,
 And Av'rice is a Virtue most divine.
 Is Faith a Refuge for our *Happiness*?
 Most sure ; And is it not for *Reason* too ?
 Nothing this World unriddles, but the next.
 Whence inextinguishable Thirst of Gain ?
 From inextinguishable Life in Man :
 Man, if not meant, by Worth, to reach the Skies,
 Had wanted Wing to fly so far in Guilt.
 Sour Grapes I grant *Ambition, Avarice* ;
 Yet still their Root is Immortality.
 These its wild Growths so bitter, and so base,
 (Pain, and Reproach !) Religion can reclaim,
 Refine, exalt, throw down their pois'nous Lee,
 And make them sparkle in the Bowl of Bliss.

SEE the Third Witness laughs at Bliss remote,
 And falsely promises an *Eden* here ;
 Truth she shall speak for once, tho' prone to lye,
 A common Cheat, and *Pleasure* is her Name.

To

To Pleasure never was LORENZO deaf;
Then hear her now, now *first*, thy real Friend.

SINCE Nature made us not more fond, than *proud*
Of Happiness, (whence Hypocrites in Joy,
Makers of Mirth! Artificers of Smiles!)
Why should the Joy most poignant *Sense* affords,
Burn us with Blushes, and rebuke our Pride?
Those Heav'n-born Blushes tell us Man *descends*,
Ev'n in the Zenith of his earthly Bliss:
Should *Reason* take her infidel Repose,
This honest *Instinct* speaks our Lineage high;
This Instinct calls on Darkness to conceal
Our rapturous Relation to the Stalls.
Our Glory covers us with noble Shame,
And he that's unconfounded, is unman'd.
The Man that Blushes is not quite a Brute.
Thus far with Thee, LORENZO! will I close,
Pleasure is good, and Man for Pleasure made,
But Pleasure full of Glory, as of Joy;
Pleasure, which neither blushes, nor expires.

THE Witnesses are heard, the Cause is o'er;
 Let *Conscience* file the Sentence in her Court,
 Dearer than *Deeds* that half a Realm convey;
 Thus, seal'd by *Truth*, th' authentic Record runs:

- “ Know all ; Know Infidels,—unapt to Know !
 “ 'Tis Immortality your Nature solves ;
 “ 'Tis Immortality decyphers Man,
 “ And opens all the Mysteries of his Make.
 “ Without it, half his Instincts are a Riddle ;
 “ Without it, all his Virtues are a Dream :
 “ His very *Crimes* attest his Dignity ;
 “ His fateless Thirst of Pleasure, Gold, and Fame,
 “ Declares him born for Blessings infinite ;
 “ What, less than Infinite, makes unabfurd
 “ Passions, which all on Earth but more inflames ?
 “ Fierce Passions so mismeasur'd to this Scene,
 “ Stretch'd out, like Eagles Wings, beyond our Nest,
 “ Far, far beyond the Worth of all below,
 “ For Earth too large, preface a nobler Flight,
 “ And evidence our Title to the Skies. ”

Ye gentle Theologues, of calmer Kind !
 Whose Constitution dictates to your Pen,
 Who, Cold yourselves, think Ardor comes from Hell !
 Think not our Passions from *Corruption* sprung,
 Tho' to Corruption, now, they lend their Wings ;
 That is their *Mistress*, not their *Mother*. All
 (And justly) *Reason* deem Divine : I see,
 I feel a Grandeur in the *Passions* too,
 Which speaks their high Descent, and glorious End ;
 Which speaks them Rays of an Eternal Fire.
 In Paradise itself they burnt as strong,
 Ere *Adam* fell ; tho' wiser in their Aim.
 Like the proud *Eastern*, struck by Providence,
 What tho' our *Passions* are run mad, and stoop
 With low, terrestrial Appetite, to graze
 On Trash, on Toys, dethron'd from high Desire ;
 Yet still, thro' their Disgrace, no feeble Ray
 Of Greatness shines, and tells us whence they fell :
 But *These*, (like that fall'n Monarch when reclaim'd)
 When *Reason* moderates the Rein aright,
 Shall reascend, remount their former Sphere,
 Where, once, they soar'd Illustrious ; ere seduc'd

By wanton *Eve's* Debauch, to strole on Earth,
And set the sublunary World on Fire.

BUT grant their Frenzy lasts; their Frenzy fails
To disappoint *one* providential End ;
Was *Reason* silent, boundless *Passion* speaks
A future Scene of boundless *Objects* too,
And brings glad Tidings of eternal Day.
Eternal Day ! 'Tis that enlightens All ;
And All, by that enlighten'd, proves it *sure*.
Consider Man as an immortal Being,
Intelligible, All ; and All is Great ;
A crystalline Transparency prevails,
And strikes full Lustre thro' the Human Sphere ;
Consider Man as mortal, all is dark,
And wretched ; Reason weeps at the Survey.

THE learn'd LORENZO cries, " And let her weep,
" Weak, modern Reason ; Antient Times were wise.
" *Authority*, that venerable Guide,
" Stands on my Part ; the fam'd *Athenian* Porch,
" (And who for Wisdom so renown'd as They ?)

" Deny'd

" Deny'd this Immortality to Man." *Deny'd* *Immortality* *to Man*.

I grant it ; but affirm they prov'd it too.

A Riddle, This ? Have Patience, I'll explain.

WHAT noble Vanities, what moral Flights,
Glitt'ring thro' their romantic Wildom's Page,
Make us, at once, despise them, and admire ?
Fable is flat to These high-season'd Sires,
They leave th' Extravagance of Song below.
" Flesh shall not feel ; or feeling, shall enjoy
" The Dagger, or the Rack ; to them alike
" A Bed of Roses, or the burning Bull."
In Men exploding all beyond the Grave,
Strange Doctrine, This : As *Doctrine* it was strange,
But not as *Prophecy* ; for such it prov'd,
And, to their own Amazement, was fulfill'd :
They feign'd a Firmness *Christians* need not feign,
The *Christian* truly triumph'd in the Flame :
The *Stoic* saw, in double Wonder lost,
Wonder at Them, and wonder at Himself,
To find the bold Adventures of his Thought
Not bold, and that he strove to lye in vain.

WHENCE

WHENCE, then, those Thoughts? Those tow'ring Thoughts
 that flew
 Such monstrous Heights?— From *Instinct*, and from *Pride*.
 The glorious *Instinct* of a deathless Soul,
 Confus'dly conscious of her Dignity,
 Suggested Truths, they could not understand,
 In *Lust's* Dominion, and in *Passion's* Storm,
Truth's System broken, scatter'd Fragments lay,
 As Light in Chaos, glimm'ring thro' the Gloom;
 Smit with the Pomp of lofty Sentiments
 Pleas'd *Pride* proclaim'd, what *Reason* disbeliev'd.
Pride, like the *Delphic* Priests, with a Swell,
 Rav'd Nonsense, destin'd to be *Future* Sense,
 When Life Immortal, in full Day, should shine.
 They spoke, what nothing but Immortal Souls
 Could speak, and thus the Truth they question'd, prov'd.

CAN then *Absurdities*, as well as *Crimes*,
 Speak Man Immortal? All things speak him so.
 Much has been urg'd; and dost thou call for more?
 Call; and with endless Questions be distress'd,
 All unresolveable, if Earth is All.

“ WHY

- “ WHY Life, a Moment ; Infinite, Desire ?
 “ Our Wish, Eternity ; our Home, the Grave ?
 “ Heav’n’s *Promise* dormant lies in human *Hope*,
 “ Who *wishes* Life Immortal, *proves* it too,
 “ Why Happiness pursu’d, tho’ never found ?
 “ Man’s Thirst of Happiness declares *It is*,
 “ (For Nature never gravitates to nought ;)
 “ That Thirst unquencht declares *It is not Here*.
 “ My LUCIA, Thy CLARISSA, call to Thought ;
 “ Why cordial Friendship rivetted so deep,
 “ As, Hearts to pierce at first, at parting, rend,
 “ If Friend, and Friendship vanish in an Hour ?
 “ Is not this Torment in the Mask of Joy ?
 “ Why by *Reflection* marr’d the Joys of *Sense* ?
 “ Why *Past*, and *Future*, preying on our Hearts,
 “ And putting all our *present* Joys to Death ?
 “ Why labours *Reason* ? *Instinct* were as well ;
 “ Instinct, far better ; what can *chuse*, can *err* ;
 “ O how *infallible* the thoughtless Brute ?
 “ ’Twere well his *Holiness* was half as sure.
 “ *Reason* with *Inclination*, why at War ?
 “ Why *Sense* of *Guilt* ? Why *Conscience* up in Arms ? ”

CONSCIENCE

CONSCIENCE of Guilt, is Prophecy of Pain,
 And Bosom-council to decline the Blow,
 Reason with Inclination ne'er had jarr'd,
 If nothing Future paid Forbearance Here.
 Thus on—These, and a thousand Pleas uncall'd,
 All *promise*, some *ensure*, a second Scene;
 Which was it *doubtful*, would be dearer far
 Than all Things else most *certain*; was it *false*,
 What *Truth* on Earth so precious as the Lye?
This World it gives us, let what will ensue;
 This World it gives, in that high Cordial, *Hope*;
 The Future of the Present is the Soul;
 How this Life groans, when fever'd from the next?
 Poor, mutilated Wretch, that Disbelieves!
 By dark Distrust his Being cut in two,
 In both Parts perishes; Life void of Joy,
 Sad Prelude of Eternity in Pain!

COULDEST Thou persuade me, the next Life could fail
 Our ardent Wishes; how should I pour out
 My bleeding Heart in Anguish, *new*, as deep?
 Oh! with what Thoughts, thy *Hope*, and my *Despair*,

Abhor'd

Abhor'd ANNIHILATION! blasts the Soul,
And wide-extends the Bounds of Human Woe?

In *this* black Channel would my Ravings run :

“ Grief, from the *Future* borrow'd Peace, ere-while.

“ The Future vanish! and the Present pain'd!

“ Strange Import of unprecedented Ill!

“ Fall, how profound! Like *Lucifer's*, the Fall!

“ Unequal Fate! His Fall, without his Guilt!

“ From where fond *Hope* built her Pavilion high

“ The Gods among, hurl'd headlong, hurl'd at once

“ To Night! To Nothing! Darker still than Night!

“ If 'twas a Dream, why wake me, my worst Foe!

“ O for Delusion! O for Error still!

“ Could Vengeance strike much stronger, than to plant

“ A Thinking Being in a World like This,

“ Not over-rich before, now beggar'd quite;

“ More curst than at the *Fall*? The Sun goes out!

“ The Thorns shoot up! What Thorns in ev'ry Thought?

“ Why Sense of Better? It imbitters Worse.

“ Why Sense? Why Life? If but to sigh, then sink

“ To what I was? Twice Nothing! and much Woe!

F

“ Woe,

" Woe, from Heav'n's Bounties! Woe, from what was wont

" To flatter most, high Intellectual Pow'rs.

" *Thought, Virtue, Knowledge!* Blessings, by *thy* Scheme,

" All poison'd into Pains. First, *Knowledge*, once

" My Soul's Ambition, now her greatest Dread.

" To *know myself*, true Wisdom?—No, to shun

" That shocking Science, Parent of Despair!

" Avert thy Mirror, If I see, I die.

" *Know my Creator?* Climb His blest Abode

" By painful Speculation, pierce the Veil,

" Dive in His Nature, read His Attributes,

" And gaze in Admiration — on a Foe,

" Obtruding Life, with-holding Happiness?

" From the full Rivers that surround His Throne,

" Not letting fall one Drop of Joy on Man ;

" Man gasping for one Drop, that he might cease

" To curse his Birth, nor envy Reptiles more !

" Ye fable Clouds! Ye darkest Shades of Night !

" Hide *Him*, for ever hide Him, from my Thought,

" Once all my Comfort; Source, and Soul of Joy !

" Now

" Now leagu'd with Furies, and with *Thee* against me,

" *Thee*, Mankind's boasted Friend, and blackest Foe.

" *Know His Achievements ? Study His Renown ?*

" Contemplate this amazing Universe,

" Dropt from His Hand, with Miracles replete?—

" For what ? 'Mid Miracles of nobler Name,

" To find one Miracle of Misery ?

" To find the Being, which alone can *know*,

" And *praise* His Works, a Blemish on His Praise ?

" Thro' Nature's ample Range, in Thought, to strol,

" And start at Man, the single Mourner There,

" Breathing high Hope ! chain'd down to Pangs, and Death !

" KNOWING is Suff'ring : And shall *Virtue* share

" The Sigh of *Knowledge* ? *Virtue* shares the Sigh.

" By straining up the Steep of *Excellent*,

" By Battles fought, and from *Temptation*, won,

" What gains she, but the Pang of seeing Worth,

" *Angelic* Worth, soon, shuffled in the Dark

" With ev'ry Vice, and swept to brutal Dust ?

" Merit is Madness ; *Virtue* is a Crime ;

" A Crime to *Reason*, if it costs us Pain
 " *Unpaid* : What Pain, amidst a thousand more,
 " To think the most *Abandon'd*, after Days
 " Of Triumph o'er their Betters, find in Death
 " As soft a Pillow, nor make fouler Clay ?

" *Duty ! Religion !* These, our Duty done,
 " Imply Reward. *Religion* is Mistake.
 " *Duty* ?--- There's none, but to repel the Cheat.
 " Ye Cheats ! away ; ye Daughters of my Pride !
 " Who feign yourselves the Fav'rites of the Skies :
 " Ye tow'ring Hopes ! abortive Energies !
 " That tofs, and struggle in my *lying* Breast,
 " To scale the Skies, and build Presumptions There,
 " As I were Heir of an Eternity ;
 " Vain, vain Ambitions ! trouble me no more.
 " Why travel far in Quest of sure Defeat ?
 " As bounded as my Being, be my Wish.
 " All is inverted, Wisdom is a Fool.
 " *Sense !* take the Rein ; blind *Passion !* drive us on ;
 " And, *Ignorance !* befriend us on our Way ;
 " Ye new, but truest Patrons of our Peace !

" Yes ;

" Yes ; give the Pulse full Empire ; live the Brute,
 " Since, as the Brute, we die. The Sum of Man,
 " Of Godlike Man ! to revel, and to rot.

" BUT not on equal Terms with *other* Brutes :
 " *Their* Revels a more poignant Relish yield,
 " And safer too ; *They* never Poisons chuse.
 " *Instinct*, than *Reason*, makes more wholesome Meaks,
 " And sends all-marring Murmur far away.
 " For sensual Life *They* best Philosophize ;
 " *Theirs*, that *Serene*, the *Sages* sought in vain :
 " 'Tis Man alone expostulates with Heav'n,
 " His, all the Pow'r, and all the Cause, to mourn.
 " Shall *human* Eyes alone dissolve in Tears ?
 " And, bleed, in Anguish, none but *human* Hearts ?
 " The wide-stretch'd Realm of *Intellectual* Woe,
 " Surpassing *Sensual* far, is All our Own.
 " In Life so fatally distinguish'd, why
 " Cast in one Lot, confounded, lump'd, in Death ?

" ERE yet in Being, was Mankind in Guilt ?
 " Why thunder'd this peculiar *Clause* against us,

" All-

" *All-mortal, and All-wretched!*— Have the Skies
 " Reasons of State, their Subjects may not scan,
 " Nor *humblly* reason, when they sorely sigh?
 " *All-mortal, and All-wretched!*— 'Tis too much;
 " Unparallell'd in Nature : 'Tis too much
 " On Being unrequested at Thy Hands,
 " OMNIPOTENT ! for I see nought but *Pow'r*.

" And why see That? Why *Thought*? To toil, and eat,
 " Then make our Bed in Darknes, needs no Thought.
 " What Superfluities are reas'ning Souls?
 " Oh give Eternity! or Thought destroy.—
 " But without Thought our Curse were half unfelt;
 " Its blunted Edge would spare the throbbing Heart,
 " And therefore 'tis bestow'd. I thank thee, *Reason*!
 " For aiding *Life's* too small Calamities,
 " And giving Being to the Dread of *Death*.
 " Such are thy Bounties!— Was it then too much
 " For *me*, to trespass on the Brutal Rights?
 " Too much for *Heav'n* to make one Emmet more?
 " Too much for *Chaos* to permit my Mass
 " A longer Stay with Essences unwrought,

I

" Unfashion'd,

- " Unfashion'd; untormented into Man ?
- " Wretched Preferment to this Round of Pains !
- " Wretched Capacity of Frenzy, *Thought* !
- " Wretched Capacity of Dying, *Life* !
- " *Life, Thought, Worth, Wisdom*, All (Oh foul Revolt !)
- " Once Friends to Peace, gone over to the Foe.

- " *Death*, then, has chang'd its Nature too : O Death !
- " Come to my Bosom, Thou best Gift of Heav'n !
- " Best Friend of Man ! Since Man is Man no more.
- " Why in this thorny *Wilderness* so long,
- " Since there's no *Promis'd Land*'s ambrosial Bow'r,
- " To pay me with its Honey for my Stings ?
- " If needful to the selfish Schemes of Heav'n
- " To sting us sore, why mockt our Misery ?
- " Why this so sumptuous Insult o'er our Heads ?
- " Why this Illustrious Canopy display'd ?
- " Why so magnificently lodg'd *Despair* ?
- " At stated Periods, sure-returning, rowl
- " These *glorious Orbs*, that Mortals may compute
- " Their Length of Labours, and of Pains ; nor lose
- " Their Misery's full Measure ?— Smiles with Flow'rs,

" And

" And Fruits promiscuous, ever-teeming *Earth*,
 " That Man may languish in luxurious Scenes,
 " And in an *Eden* mourn his with'ring Joys ?
 " Claim Earth and Skies Man's Admiration, due
 " For *such* Delights ! Blest Animals ! too Wise
 " To wonder ; and too Happy to complain !

" OUR *Doom decreed* demands a mournful Scene ;
 " Why not a Dungeon dark, for the *Condemn'd* ?
 " Why not the Dragon's subterranean Den,
 " For Man to howl in ? Why not his Abode,
 " Of the same dismal Colour with his Fate ?
 " A *Thebes*, a *Babylon*, at vast Expence
 " Of Time, Toil, Treasure, Art, for Owls and Adders,
 " As congruous, as, for Man, this lofty Dome,
 " Which prompts proud Thought, and kindles high Desire,
 " If from her humble Chamber in the Dust,
 " While proud Thought swells, and high Desire inflames,
 " The poor *Worm* calls us for her Inmates there ;
 " And, round us, *Death's* inexorable Hand
 " Draws the dark Curtain close ; undrawn no more.

" *Undrawn*

- “ *Undrawn no more ?* Behind the Cloud of *Death*,
 “ Once, I beheld a Sun ; a Sun which gilt
 “ That fable Cloud, and turn’d it all to Gold ;
 “ How the *Grave*’s alter’d ? Fathomless, as Hell !
 “ A *real* Hell to Those, who dreamt of Heav’n.
 “ ANNIHILATION ! How it yawns before me ?
 “ Next Moment I may drop from *Thought*, from *Sense*,
 “ The Privilege of Angels, and of Worms,
 “ An Outcast from Existence ! And this Spirit,
 “ This all-pervading, this all-conscious Soul,
 “ This Particle of Energy divine,
 “ Which travels Nature, flies from Star to Star,
 “ And visits Gods, and emulates their Pow’rs,
 “ For ever is extinguish’d. Horror ! Death !
 “ Death of *that* Death I *fearless*, once, survey’d.
 “ When Horror *Universal* shall descend,
 “ And Heav’n’s dark Concave urn all Human Race,
 “ On that enormous, unrefunding Tomb,
 “ How just this Verse ? this monumental Sigh !

Beneath the Lumber of demolish’d Worlds,

Deep in the Rubbish of the gen’ral Wreck,

Swept Ignominious to the common Mass.

Of Matter, never dignify'd with Life,
Here lie proud Rationals ; The Sons of Heav'n !
The Lords of Earth ! The Property of Worms !
Beings of Yesterday, and no To-morrow !
Who liv'd in Terror, and in Pangs expir'd !
All gone to rot in Chaos ; or, to make
Their happy Transit into Blocks, or Brutes,
Nor longer sully their CREATOR'S Name.

LORENZO ! hear, pause, ponder, and pronounce.
 Just is this History ? If *such* is Man,
 Mankind's Historian, tho' Divine, might weep.
 And dares LORENZO smile ?---I know thee Proud ;
 For once let Pride befriend thee ; Pride looks pale
 At such a Scene, and fights for something more.
 Amid thy Boasts, Presumptions, and Displays,
 And art Thou then a Shadow ? Less than Shade ?
 A Nothing ? Less than Nothing ? To *have* been,
 And *not to be*, is lower than Unborn.
 Art thou *ambitious* ? Why then make the Worm
 Thine Equal ? Runs thy Taste of *Pleasure* high ?
 Why patronize sure Death of ev'ry Joy ?

Charm

Charm *Riches* ? Why chuse Begg'ry in the Grave,
Of ev'ry Hope a Bankrupt ! and for ever ?

Life's Joy so rich, Thou can'st not wish for more ?

Ambition; Pleasure, Avarice, persuade Thee

To make that World of Glory, Rapture, Wealth,

They lately *prov'd*, thy Soul's supreme Desire.

WHAT art thou made of ? Rather, how Unmade ?
Great Nature's Master-appetite destroy'd !

Is endless Life, and Happiness, despis'd ?

Or Both wisht, *Here*, where Neither can be found ?

Such Man's perverse, eternal War with Heav'n !

Dar'st Thou persist ? And is there nought on Earth,

But a long Train of transitory Forms,

Rising, and breaking, Millions in an Hour ?

Bubbles of a fantastic Deity, blown up

In Sport, and then in Cruelty destroy'd ?

Oh ! for what Crime, unmerciful LORENZO !

Destroys thy Scheme the Whole of human Race ?

Kind is fell *Lucifer* compar'd to Thee :

Oh ! spare this Waste of Being half divine ;

And vindicate th' Oeconomy of Heav'n.

HEAV'N is all Love ; all Joy in giving Joy ;
 It never had created, but to bless :
 And shall It, then, strike off the List of Life,
 A Being blest, or Worthy *so* to be ?
 Heav'n starts at an *annihilating* GOD.

Is That, all *Nature* starts at, thy Desire ?
 Art such a Clod to wish thyself all Clay ?
 What is that dreadful Wish ?— The dying Groan,
 Of Nature murder'd by the blackest Guilt :
 What deadly Poison has thy Nature drank ?
 To Nature undebauch't no Shock so great ;
 Nature's *First* Wish is *endless Happiness* ;
Annihilation is an After-thought,
 A monstrous Wish unborn, till Virtue dies.
 And oh ! what Depth of Horror lies inclos'd ?
 For Non-existence no Man ever wisht,
 But, first, he wisht the DEITY destroy'd.

If so ; what Words are dark enough to draw
 Thy Picture true ? The darkest are too fair.
 Beneath what baleful Planet, in what Hour

Of

Of Desperation, by what Fury's Aid,
 In what Infernal Posture of the Soul,
 All Hell invited, and all Hell in Joy,
 At such a Birth, a Birth so near of Kin,
 Did thy foul *Fancy* whelp so black a Scheme,
 Of *Hopes* abortive, *Faculties* half-blown,
 And *Deities begun*, reduc'd to Dust?

THERE's nought, Thou sayst, but one eternal Flux
 Of feeble Essences, tumultuous driv'n
 Thro' *Time's* rough Billows into *Night's* Abyfs.
 Say, in this rapid *Tide* of human Ruin,
 Is there no *Rock*, on which Man's tossing Thought
 Can rest from Terror, dare his Fate survey,
 And boldly think it Something to be Born?
 Amid such hourly Wrecks of Being fair,
 Is there no central, all-sustaining Base,
 All-realizing, all-connecting Pow'r,
 Which, as it call'd-forth all Things, can *recall*,
 And force *Destruction* to refund her Spoil?
 Command the Grave, restore her taken Prey?
 Bid Death's dark Vale its Human Harvest yield,

And

And *Earth*, and *Ocean*, pay their Debt of Man,
 True to the grand Deposit trusted There?
 Is there no Potentate, whose out-stretcht Arm,
 (When rip'ning Time calls forth th' appointed Hour,)
 Pluckt from foul *Devastation's* famisht Maw,
 Binds *Present*, *Past*, and *Future*, to his Throne?
 His Throne, how glorious, thus divinely grac'd,
 By germinating Beings clust'ring round,
 A Garland worthy the Divinity,
 A Throne, by Heav'n's Omnipotence in Smiles,
 Built, (like a *Pharos* tow'ring in the Waves,)
 Amidst immense Effusions of his Love,
 An Ocean of *communicated* Bliss.

AN all-prolific, all-preserving GOD!
 This were a GOD indeed. And such is Man
 As here presum'd: He rises from his Fall.
 Think'ft Thou Omnipotence a naked Root,
 Each Blossom fair of DEITY destroy'd?
 Nothing is dead; nay, Nothing sleeps; each Soul
 That ever animated human Clay,
 Now wakes; is on the Wing: And where, O where,

Will the Swarm settle?--- When the *Trumpet's* Call,
 As sounding Brass, collects us, round Heav'n's Throne
 Conglob'd, we bask in everlasting Day,
 (Paternal Splendor!) and adhere for ever.
 Had not the Soul this Outlet to the Skies,
 In this vast Vessel of the Universe,
 How should we gasp, as in an empty Void?
 How in the Pangs of famisht *Hope* expire?

How bright *This* Prospect shines? How gloomy, *Thine*?
 A trembling World! and a devouring God!
Earth, but the Shambles of Omnipotence!
Heav'n's Face all stain'd with causeless Massacres
 Of countless Millions, born to feel the Pang
 Of Being *lost*. LORENZO! can it be?
This bids us shudder at the Thoughts of *Life*.
 Who would be born to such a phantom World,
 Where nought Substantial, but our Mis'ry?
 Where Joy (if Joy) but heightens our Distress,
 So soon to perish, and revive no more,
 The greater *such* a Joy, the more It pains.
 A World, where dark, mysterious Vanity

of

Of *Good*, and *Ill*, the distant Colours blends,
 Confounds all *Reason*, and all *Hope* destroys;
 Reason, and Hope, our sole Asylum *Here*!
 A World so far from *Great*, (and yet how *Great*)
 It shines to Thee?) there's nothing *Real* in it;
 Being, a Shadow! Consciousness, a Dream!
 A Dream, how dreadful? Universal Blank
 Before it, and Behind! Poor Man, a Spark
 From Non-existence struck by Wrath divine,
 Glitt'ring a Moment, nor that Moment sure,
 'Midst Upper, Nether, and Surrounding *Night*,
 His Sad, Sure, Sudden, and Eternal Tomb.

LORENZO! dost Thou *feel* these Arguments?
 Or is there nought but *Vengeance* can be felt?
 How hast Thou dar'd the DEITY dethrone?
 How dar'd indict Him of a World like This?
 If *such* the World, Creation was a Crime;
 For what is Crime, but Cause of Misery?
 Retract, Blasphemer! And unriddle *This*,
 Of endless Arguments *above*, *below*,
Without us, and *within*, the short Result,
 " IF Man's Immortal, there's a GOD in Heav'n."

BUT

BUT wherefore such Redundancy? Such Waste
Of Argument? One sets *my* Soul at Rest;
One obvious, and at Hand, and, Oh!— at Heart.
So just the Skies; PHILANDER's Life so pain'd,
His Heart so pure; *that*, or *succeeding* Scenes
Have Palms to give, or ne'er had He been born.

“ What an old Tale is This! ” LORENZO cries.—
I grant this Argument is old; but Truth
No Years impair; and had not This been True,
Thou never hadst despis'd it for its Age.
Truth is Immortal as thy Soul; and Fable
As fleeting as thy Joys: Be wise, nor make
Heav'n's highest Blessing, Vengeance: O be wise!
Nor make a Curse of *Immortality*.

SAY, know'st Thou what *It* is? Or, what *Thou* art?
Know'st Thou th' *Importance* of a Soul Immortal?
Behold this Midnight Glory; Worlds, on Worlds!
Amazing Pomp! Redouble this Amaze;
Ten thousand add; add twice Ten thousand more;
Then weigh the Whole; One Soul outweighs them All;

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And

And calls th' astonishing Magnificence
Of *unintelligent* Creation, poor.

For This, believe not *me*; no *Man* believe;
Trust not in Words, but Deeds; and Deeds no less
Than those of the SUPREME; nor His, a Few;
Consult them All; consulted, All proclaim
Thy Soul's Importance: Tremble at Thyself;
For whom *Omnipotence* has wak'd so long
Has wak'd, and work'd, for Ages; from the Birth
Of Nature, to this Unbelieving Hour,

In this small Province of His vast Domain,
(All *Nature* bow, while I pronounce his Name!)
What has God done, and not for this sole End,
To rescue Souls from Death? The *Soul's high Price*
Is writ in all the Conduct of the Skies.
The *Soul's high Price* is the *Creation's Key*,
Unlocks its Mysteries, and naked lays
The genuine Cause of ev'ry Deed divine;
That, is the *Chain of Ages*, which maintains
Their obvious Correspondence, and unites

Most distant Periods in One blest Design:
That, is the *Mighty Hinge*, on which have turn'd
 All Revolutions, whether we regard
 The *Nat'ral*, *Civil*, or *Religious*, World;
 The Former Two, but Servants to the Third:
 To That their Duty done, they Both expire,
 Their *Mafs* new-cast, forgot their *Deeds renown'd*;
 And Angels ask, "Where once they shone so Fair?"

To lift us from *this* Abject, to Sublime;
 This Flux, to Permanent; this Dark, to Day;
 This Foul, to Pure; this Turbid, to Serene;
 This Mean, to Mighty!—for this glorious End
 Th' ALMIGHTY, rising, his long Sabbath broke;
 The World was Made; was Ruin'd; was Restor'd;
 Laws from the *Skies* were Publish'd; were Repeal'd;
 On *Earth* Kings, Kingdoms rose; Kings, Kingdoms, fell;
 Fam'd Sages lighted up the *Pagan* World,
 Prophets from *Sion* darted a keen Glance
 Thro' distant Age; Saints travell'd; Martyrs bled;
 By Wonders sacred Nature stood controul'd;
 The Living were Translated; Dead were Rais'd;

Angels, and more than Angels, came from Heav'n;
 And oh! — for *This*, descended lower still;
 Gilt was Hell's Gloom; astonisht at his Guest,
 For one short Moment *Lucifer* ador'd:
 LORENZO! and wilt Thou do less? — For *This*,
 That Hallow'd Page, Fools scoff at, was inspir'd,
 Of all these Truths thrice-venerable Code!
Deists! perform your Quarentine; and then,
 Fall prostrate, ere you touch it, lest you die.

NOR less intensely bent *Infernal* Pow'rs
 To mar, than those of *Light*, this End to gain.
 O what a Scene is Here! — LORENZO! wake;
 Rise to the Thought; exert, expand, thy Soul
 To take the vast Idea: It denies
 All else the Name of Great. Two warring Worlds!
 Not *Europe* against *Afric*; Warring Worlds,
 Of more than Mortal! mounted on the Wing!
 On ardent Wings of Energy, and Zeal,
 High-hov'ring o'er this little Brand of Strife!
 This sublunary Ball. — But Strife, for what?
 In their own Cause conflicting? No; in *Thine*,

In

In *Man's*. His *single* Int'rest blows the Flame ;
 His the sole Stake ; His Fate the Trumpet sounds,
 Which kindles War Immortal. How It burns ?
 Tumultuous Swarms of Deities in Arms !
 Force Force opposing, till the Waves run high,
 And tempest Nature's universal Sphere.
 Such Opposites Eternal, Stedfast, Stern,
 Such Foes Implacable, are *Good*, and *Ill* ;
 Yet Man, vain Man ! would mediate Peace between them.

THINK not this Fiction. " There was War in Heav'n. "
 From Heav'n's high crystal Mountain where It hung,
 Th' ALMIGHTY's outstretcht Arm took down his Bow ;
 And shot His Indignation at the *Deep* :
 Rethunder'd *Hell*, and darted all her Fires.—
 And seems the Stake of little Moment still ?
 And slumbers Man, who singly caus'd the Storm ?
 He sleeps.— And art Thou shockt at Mysteries ?
 • The Greatest, Thou. How dreadful to reflect,
 What Ardor, Care, and Counsel, Mortals cause
 In Breasts Divine ? How Little in their Own ?

WHERE-E'ER I turn, how new *Proofs* pour upon me!
 How happily This wond'rous View supports
 My Former Argument! How strongly *strikes*
Immortal Life's full Demonstration, *Here!*
 Why this Exertion? Why this strange Regard
 From Heav'n's Omnipotent indulg'd to Man?--
 Because, in Man, the glorious, dreadful Pow'r,
 Extremely to be Pain'd, or Bleft, for ever.
Duration gives Importance; swells the Price.
 An Angel, if a Creature of a Day,
 What would He be? A Trifle of no Weight;
 Or Stand, or Fall; no Matter which; He's gone.
 Because IMMORTAL, therefore is indulg'd
 This strange Regard of Deities to Dust.
 Hence, Heav'n looks down on Earth with all her Eyes:
 Hence, the Soul's mighty Moment in her Sight:
 Hence, ev'ry Soul has Partizans Above,
 And ev'ry Thought a Critic in the Skies:
 Hence, Clay, vile Clay! has Angels for its Guard,
 And ev'ry Guard a Passion for his Charge:
 Hence, from all Age, the Cabinet divine
 Has held high Counsel o'er the Fate of Man.

NOR

NoR have the Clouds those gracious Counsels hid.
 Angels undrew the Curtain of the Throne,
 And PROVIDENCE came forth to meet Mankind :
 In various Modes of Emphasis, and Awe,
He spoke his Will, and trembling *Nature* heard ;
 He spoke it loud, in Thunder, and in Storm.
 Witness, Thou *Sinai* ! whose Cloud-cover'd Height,
 And shaken Basis own'd the present GOD :
 Witness, ye *Billows* ! whose returning Tide,
 Breaking the Chain that fasten'd it in Air,
 Swept *Egypt*, and her Menaces, to Hell :
 Witness, ye *Flames* ! th' *Assyrian* Tyrant blew
 To sev'nfold Rage, as Impotent, as Strong :
 And Thou, *Earth* ! witness, whose expanding Jaws
 Clos'd o'er * *Presumption's* sacrilegious Sons :
 Has not each Element, in Turn, subscrib'd
 The *Soul's* high Price, and sworn it to the Wife ?
 Has not Flame, Ocean, Æther, Earthquake, strove
 To strike *this Truth*, thro' adamantinè Man ?
 If not All-adamant, LORENZO ! hear ;
 All is Delusion ; *Nature* is wrapt up

* *Corab*, &c.

In.

In tenfold Night, from *Reason's* keenest Eye ;
 There's no Consistence, Meaning, Plan, or End,
 In all beneath the Sun, in all above,
 (As far as Man can penetrate) or Heav'n
 Is an Immenſe, Ineffimable Prize ;
 Or All is Nothing, or that Prize is All.—
 And ſhall each *Toy* be ſtill a Match for Heav'n ?
 And full Equivalent for Groans Below ?
 Who would not give a Trifle to *prevent*,
 What He would give a Thouſand Worlds to *cure* ?

LORENZO ! Thou haſt ſeen (if *Thine*, to ſee)
 All *Nature*, and her God, (by *Nature's Courſe*,
 And *Nature's Courſe controul'd*.) declare for me :
 The Skies Above proclaim “ Immortal Man ! ”
 And, “ Man Immortal ! ” all Below reſounds.
 The World's a System of Theology,
 Read, by the greateſt Strangers to the Schools ;
 If *Honeſt*, Learn'd ; and *Sages* o'er a Plough.
 Is not, LORENZO ! then, impos'd on Thee,
 This hard Alternative ; or, to renounce

Thy

Thy *Reason*, and thy *Sense* ; or, to *Believe* ?
 What then is *Unbelief* ? 'Tis an Exploit ;
 A strenuous Enterprize : To gain it, Man
 Must burst thro' ev'ry Bar of common Sense,
 Of common Shame, magnanimously wrong ;
 And what rewards the sturdy Combatant ?
 His Prize, *Repentance* ; *Infamy*, his Crown.

BUT wherefore, *Infamy* ?— For Want of Worth.
 Down the steep Precipice of *Wrong* He slides,
 There's nothing to support him in the *Right*.
Faith in the Future wanting, is, at least
 In Embryo, ev'ry Weakness, ev'ry Guilt ;
 And strong Temptation ripens it to Birth.
 If *this* Life's Gain invites him to the Deed,
 Why not his Country sold, his Father slain ?
 'Tis Virtue to pursue our Good Supreme ;
 And his Supreme, his *only* Good is *Here*.
Ambition, *Avarice*, by the Wise disdain'd,
 Is perfect *Wisdom*, while Mankind are *Fools*,
 And think a Turf, or Tombstone, covers All ;
These find Employment, and provide for *Sense*

A richer Pasture, and a larger Range;
 And *Sense* by Right Divine ascends the Throne,
 When *Reason's* Prize, and Prospect is no more;
Virtue no more we think the Will of Heav'n;
 Would Heav'n quite beggar *Virtue*, if belov'd?

“ HAS *Virtue* Charms? ”— I grant Her heav'nly Fair;
 But if un-portion'd, all will *Int'rest* wed;
 Tho' *That* our Admiration, *This* our Choice.
 The Virtues grow on *Immortality*,
 That Root destroy'd, they wither and expire.
 A DEITY believ'd, will nought avail;
Rewards and *Punishments* make GOD ador'd;
 And *Hopes* and *Fears* give *Conscience* all her Pow'r:
 As in the dying Parent dies the Child,
Virtue, with *Immortality*, expires.
 Who tells me He denies his Soul Immortal,
 Whate'er his Boast, has told me, He's a Knave.
 His *Duty* 'tis, to love Himself alone,
 Nor care tho' Mankind perish, if He smiles.
 Who thinks ere-long the Man shall wholly die,
 Is dead already; nought but *Brute* survives.

I

AND

AND are there such?— Such Candidates there are
 For *more* than Death ; for utter Loss of Being ;
 Being, the Basis of the DEITY !
 Ask you the *Cause*?— The Cause they will not tell ;
 Nor *need* they : Oh the Sorceries of *Sense* !
 They work this Transformation on the Soul,
 Dismount her from her native Wing, (which soar'd
 Ere-while Ætherial Heights) and throw her down,
 To lick the Dust, and crawl in such a Thought.

Is it in Words to paint you ? O ye Fall'n !
 Fall'n from the Wings of *Reason*, and of *Hope* !
 Erect in Stature, Prone in Appetite !
 Patrons of Pleasure, posting into Pain !
 Lovers of Argument, averse to Sense !
 Boasters of Liberty, fast-bound in Chains !
 Lords of the wide Creation, and the Shame !
 More *Senseless* than th' *Irrationals* you scorn !
 More *Base* than those you rule ! Than those you pity,
 Far more Undone ! O ye most Infamous !
 Of Feings, from Superior Dignity !
 Deepest in Woe from Means of boundless Bliss !

Ye curst by Blessings infinite ! Because
 Most highly favour'd, most profoundly lost !
 Ye motly Mafs of Contradiction strong !
 And are you, too, convinc'd, your Souls fly off
 In Exhalation soft, and die in Air,
 From the full Flood of Evidence against you ?
 In the coarse Drudgeries, and Sinks of *Sense*,
 Your Souls have quite worn out the Make of Heav'n,
 By Vice new-cast, and Creatures of your own :
 But tho' you can *deform*, you can't *destroy* ;
 To *curse*, not *uncreate*, is all your Pow'r.

LORENZO ! this black Brotherhood renounce ;
 Renounce St. *Evremont*, and read St. *Paul*.
 Ere rapt by Miracle, by Reason wing'd
 His mounting Mind made long Abode in Heav'n.
This is Freethinking, unconfin'd to *Parts*,
 To send the Soul, on curious Travel bent,
 Thro' all the Provinces of Human Thought,
 From First to Last, (but *Last* there none shall be !)
 To dart her Flight, thro' the whole Sphere of Man ;
 Of this vast Universe to make the Tour ;

In

In each Recess of *Space*, and *Time*, at Home;
 Familiar with their Wonders ; diving deep ;
 And, like a Prince of boundless Int'rests There,
 Still most ambitious of the most Remote ;
 To look on *Truth* unbroken, and intire ;
 Truth in the *System*, the full Orb ; where Truths
 By Truths enlighten'd, and sustain'd, afford
 An Arch-like, strong Foundation, to support
 Th' incumbent Weight of absolute, complete
Conviction ; Here, the more we press, we stand
 More Firm ; Who most Examine, most Believe.
Parts, like Half-sentences, confound ; the *Whole*
 Conveys the Sense, and God is understood ;
 Who not in *Fragments* writes to Human Race ;
 Read his *whole* Volume, Sceptic ! then, Reply.

This, This is Thinking-free, a Thought that grasps
 Beyond a Grain, and looks beyond an Hour.
 Turn up thine Eye, survey this Midnight Scene ;
 What are Earth's Kingdoms, to yon boundless Orbs,
 Of human Souls, one Day, the destin'd Range ?
 And what yon boundless Orbs, to Godlike Man !

Those

Those num'rous Worlds that throng the Firmament,
 And ask more Space in Heav'n, can rowl at large
 In Man's capacious Thought, and still leave Room
 For ampler Orbs ; for new Creations, There.
 Can such a Soul contract itself, to gripe
 A Point of no Dimension, of no Weight ?
 It can ; it does : The World is such a Point,
 And, of *that* Point, how small a Part inflaves ?

How small a Part — of *Nothing*, shall I say ?
 Why not ? — *Friends*, our *chief* Treasure ! How they drop ?
 LUCIA, NARCIS'S fair, PHILANDER, gone !
 The Grave, like fabled *Cerberus*, has op'd
 A Triple Mouth ; and, in an awful Voice,
 Loud calls my Soul, and utters All I sing.
 How the World falls to-pieces round about us,
 And leaves us in a Ruin of our Joy ?
 What says, This Transportation of my Friends ?
 It bids me love the Place where *now* they dwell,
 And scorn this wretched Spot, they leave so Poor.
 Eternity's vast *Ocean* lies before thee ;
 There, There, LORENZO ! thy CLARISSA fails.

Give

Give thy Mind Sea-room ; keep it wide of *Earth*,
 That Rock of Souls immortal ; cut thy Cord,
 Weigh Anchor ; Spread thy Sails ; call ev'ry Wind ;
 Eye thy *Great Pole-star* : Make the Land of Life.

Two Kinds of Life has double-natur'd Man,
 And Two of Death ; the Last far most severe.
 Life *animal* is nurtur'd by the Sun ;
 Thrives on his Bounties, triumphs in his Beams.
 Life *rational* subsists on higher Food,
 Triumphant in *His* Beams, who made the Day.
 When we leave *that* Sun, and are left by *this*,
 (The Fate of all who die in stubborn Guilt)
 'Tis utter Darknes ; strictly, *Double* Death.
 We sink by no *Judicial* Stroke of Heav'n,
 But Nature's *Course* ; as sure as Plummets fall.
 Since GOD, or Man, must alter, ere they meet,
 (For Light and Darknes blend not in one Sphere)
 'Tis manifest, LORENZO, *who* must change.

If, then, that *Double-death* should prove thy Lot,
 Blame not the Bowels of the DEITY ;

Man

Man shall be blest, as far as Man *permits*.
 Not Man alone, all *Rationals*, Heav'n arms
 With an Illustrious, but Tremendous, Pow'r,
 To counter-act Its own most gracious Ends ;
 And this, of strict Necessity, not Choice ;
That Pow'r deny'd, *Men, Angels*, were no more,
 But passive Engines, void of Praise, or Blame.
 A Nature *Rational* implies the Pow'r
 Of being blest, or wretched, as we please ;
 Else idle *Reason* would have nought to do ;
 And he that would be barr'd Capacity
 Of Pain, courts Incapacity of Bliss.
 Heav'n *wills* our Happiness, *allows* our Doom ;
Invites us ardently, but not *compells* ;
 Heav'n but *persuades*, almighty Man *decrees* ;
 Man is the Maker of Immortal Fates.
 Man falls by Man, if finally He falls ;
 And fall He *must*, who learns from *Death* alone,
 The dreadful Secret,—That he *lives* for Ever.

WHY *This* to thee ? Thee yet, perhaps, in Doubt
 Of Second Life : But wherefore doubtful still ?

Eternal

Eternal Life is Nature's ardent Wish ;
 What ardently we wish, we *soon* believe :
 Thy *tardy* Faith declares that Wish destroy'd :
 What has destroy'd it ?— Shall I tell thee, What ?
 When *fear'd the Future*, 'tis no longer wish'd,
 And when Unwish'd, we *strive* to Disbelieve.
 “ *Thus Infidelity our Guilt betrays.*”
 Nor that the *sole* Detection ; Blush, LORENZO !
 Blush for Hypocrisy, if not for Guilt.
 The *Future fear'd ?* An Infidel, and fear ?
 Fear what ? a *Dream ?* a *Fable ?*—How thy Dread,
Unwilling Evidence, and, therefore, *Strong*,
 Affords my Cause an undesign'd Support ?
 How *Disbelief* affirms, what It denies ?
 “ *It, unawares, asserts Immortal Life.*” —
 Surprising ! *Infidelity* turns out
 A *Creed*, and a *Confession of our Sins* :
 Apostates, *thus*, are Orthodox Divines.

LORENZO ! with LORENZO clash no more ;
 Nor longer a *Transparent Vizard* wear.
 Think'ft Thou, RELIGION *only* has her Mask ?
 Our Infidels are *Satan's Hypocrites*,

Pretend the Worst, and, at the Bottom, fail.
 When visited by Thought, (*Thought will intrude*)
 Like Him they serve, They *tremble, and believe*.
 Is there Hypocrisy so foul as This?
 So Fatal to the Welfare of the World?
 What *Detestation*, what *Contempt*, their Due?
 And if Unpaid, be thank'd for their Escape
That Christian Candor they *strive* hard to scorn.
 If not for that Asylum, they might find
 A Hell on Earth; nor 'scape a worse Below.

WITH Insolence, and Impotence of Thought,
 Instead of racking Fancy, to *refute*,
 Reform thy Manners, and the Truth *enjoy*.—
 But shall I dare confess the dire Result?
 Can thy proud *Reason* brook so black a Brand?
 From *purser Manners*, to *sublimier Faith*,
 Is Nature's unavoidable Ascent;
 An *honest* Deist, where the Gospel shines,
 Matur'd to nobler, in the *Christian* ends.
 When that blest Change arrives, e'en cast aside
 This Song superfluous; *Life immortal* strikes
 Conviction, in a Flood of Light *Divine*.

A Chri-

A *Christian* dwells, like * *URIEL*, in the Sun ;
 Meridian Evidence puts *Doubt* to Flight ;
 And ardent *Hope* anticipates the Skies.
 Of *that* bright Sun, *LORENZO* ! scale the Sphere ;
 'Tis easy ; It invites thee ; It descends
 From Heav'n to woo, and waft thee whence It came :
 Read, and revere the *Sacred Page* ; a Page
 Where triumphs *Immortality* ; a Page
 Which not the whole *Creation* could produce ;
 Which not the *Conflagration* shall destroy ;
 In Nature's Ruins not one Letter lost :
 'Tis printed in the Mind of Gods for ever.

IN proud Disdain of what e'en Gods adore,
 Dost smile ?— Poor Wretch ! thy Guardian Angel weeps.

Angels, and *Men*, assent to what I sing ;
Wits smile, and thank me for my *Midnight Dream*.

How vicious Hearts fume Frenzy to the Brain ?

— *Parts* push us on to Pride, and Pride to Shame ;

Pert *Infidelity* is *Wit*'s Cockcade,

To grace the brazen Brow that braves the Skies,

* *Milton*.

By *Loss of Being*, dreadfully Secure.

LORENZO! if *thy* Doctrine wins the Day,

And drives my Dreams, defeated, from the Field;

If *This* is All, if Earth a *final* Scene,

Take heed; stand fast; be sure to be a *Knave*;

A Knave in Grain; ne'er deviate to the *Right*:

Shouldst Thou be *Good*—How infinite thy Loss?

Guilt only makes *Annihilation* Gain.

Blest Scheme! which Life deprives of *Comfort*, Death

Of *Hope*; and which VICE *only* recommends.

If so; *where*, Infidels! your Bait thrown out

To catch weak Converts? *Where* your lofty Boast

Of *Zeal for Virtue*, and of *Love to Man*?

ANNIHILATION, I confess, in *These*.

WHAT can *Reclaim* you? Dare I hope profound
Philosophers the Converts of a *Song*?

Yet know, *Its Title* flatters *you*, not *me*;

Yours be the Praise to make *my* Title good;

Mine, to Bless Heav'n, and Triumph in *your* Praise.

But since so Pestilential your Disease,

Though sov'reign is the Med'cine I prescribe,

As

As yet, I'll neither Triumph, nor Despair :

But Hope, ere-long my *Midnight Dream* will wake

Your Hearts, and teach your Wisdom—to be wise :

For why should Souls Immortal, made for Bliss,

Ere Wish, (and wish in vain !) that Souls could die ?

What ne'er can die, Oh ! grant to *live* ; and crown

The Wish, and Aim, and Labour of the Skies ;

Encrease, and *enter* on the Joys of Heav'n :

Thus shall my Title pass a *sacred* Seal,

Receive an *Imprimatur* from Above,

While Angels shout—*An Infidel Reclaim'd !*

To close, LORENZO ! Spite of all my Pains,
Still seems it strange, that Thou shouldst live *for ever* ?

Is it less strange, that Thou shouldst live *at all* ?

This is a Miracle ; and *That* no more.

Who gave Beginning, can exclude an End ;

Deny Thou *art*, Then, doubt if Thou *shalt be*.

A Miracle, with Miracles inclos'd,

Is Man ? And starts his Faith at what is *Strange* ?

What less than Wonders, from the *Wonderful* ?

What less than Miracles, from GOD, can flow ?

ST

Admit

Admit a GOD,---that Mystery Supreme !
 That Cause uncaus'd ! All other Wonders cease ;
 Nothing is Marvellous for *Him* to do :
Deny Him,-- all is Mystery besides ;
 Millions of Mysteries ! *Each* Darker far,
 Than *That* thy Wisdom would, unwisely, shun.
 If *weak* thy Faith, why chuse the Harder Side ?
 We nothing *know*, but what is Marvellous ;
 Yet what is Marvellous, we can't *believe*.
 So Weak our *Reason*, and so Great our God,
 What most surprizes in the *Sacred Page*,
 Or full as Strange, or Stranger, *must* be True.
Faith is not *Reason's* Labour, but Repose.

To *Faith*, and *Virtue*, why so backward Man ?
 From Hence ;--- The *Present* strongly strikes us All ;
 The *Future*, faintly : Can we, then, be *Men* ?
 If Men, LORENZO ! the *Reverse* is Right.
Reason is Man's Peculiar ; *Sense*, the Brute's.
 The *Present* is the scanty Realm of *Sense* ;
 The *Future*, *Reason's* Empire unconfin'd ;
 On *That* expending all her Godlike Pow'r,
 She Plans, Provides, Expatiates, Triumphs, *there* ;

There, builds her *Blessings* ; There, expects her *Praise* ;
And nothing asks of *Fortune*, or of *Men*.

And what is *Reason* ? Be she, thus, defin'd ;
Reason is *Upright Stature* in the *Soul*.

Oh ! be a *Man* ;— and strive to be a *God*.

“ FOR what ? (Thou sayst) : To damp the Joys of Life ? ”

No ; to give *Heart* and *Substance* to thy Joys.

That Tyrant, *Hope* ! mark, how she domineers ;

She bids us quit *Realities*, for *Dreams* ;

Safety, and *Peace*, for *Hazard*, and *Alarm* ;

That Tyrant o'er the Tyrants of the *Soul* !

She bids *Ambition* quit its taken Prize,

Spurn the luxuriant Branch on which *It* fits,

Tho' bearing Crowns, to spring at *distant* Game ;

And plunge in Toils, and Dangers—for *Repose*.

If *Hope* precarious, and of Things, when gain'd,

Of Little Moment, and as Little Stay,

Can sweeten Toils, and Dangers into Joys ;

What then, *That Hope*, which nothing can defeat,

Our Leave unask'd ? Rich *Hope* of boundless Bliss !

Bliss, past *Man's* Pow'r to paint it ; *Time's*, to close !

This Hope is *Earth's* most estimable Prize ;

This

This is Man's Portion, while no more than Man;
 Hope, of all Passions, most befriends us *Here*;
 Passions of prouder Name befriend us less;
 Joy has her *Tears*; and *Transport* has her *Death*;
 Hope, like a Cordial, innocent, tho' strong,
 Man's Heart, at once, *inspirits*, and *serenes*;
 Nor makes him pay his Wisdom for his Joys;
 'Tis All, our Present State can *safely* bear,
 Health to the Frame! and Vigour to the Mind!
 And to the modest Eye *chastis'd* Delight!
 Like the fair Summer-Evening, mild, and Sweet!
 'Tis Man's full Cup; his Paradise Below!
 A blest Hereafter, *then*, or Hop'd, or Gain'd,
 Is All;—our *Whole* of Happiness: Full Proof,
 I chose no trivial, or inglorious *Theme*.
 And know, ye Foes to Song! (well-meaning Men,
 Tho' quite forgotten * Half your *Bible's* Praise)
 Important *Truths*, in Spite of *Verse*, may please:
 Grave Minds you praise; nor can you praise too much;
 If there is Weight in an ETERNITY,
 Let the *Grave* listen;—and be *graver* still.

* The Poetical Parts of it.

F I N I S.